THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE WOODLAND HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES C. BROMLEY.

Oh, Woodland Harp! thy wild, untutor'd lay,
Glides, lonely, down the silent, passing breeze,
Thy pensive strains at sober shut of day,
Sigh, mournful, through the woodland forest trees.

No city polish to thy notes belong;
No academic lore thy numbers fire;
No crowds, adoring, list thy humble song;
No fulsome praise thy breathing tones inspire

'Tis thine to pour thy wild, unpolish'd strains,
On the dull ear of lonely solitude;
Or wake, perchance, the joy of rustic swains,
Around the fire-side hearth of cottage rude.

Oh, Woodland Harp! thy tones are sweet to me,
Tho' melancholy sweep thy chords along;
My soul is stir'd with thy sad melody,
With the wild numbers of thy woodland song

What tho' the dark and sable cypress wreath
Itself about thy sorrow-stirring shell?
What tho' thy sadly-pleasing warbles breathe
These strains that suit the soul of grief so well?

'Tis thine to wake the music of the grove,
And rouse the "oak crown'd eastern" of the shade;
To teach fond echo o'er the wilds to rove,
And charm the genius of the woody glade

Breathe softly on these chords, ye evening airs,
And bear their sadly sighing strains away;
So shall the rotter weep away his cares,
'Till sorrow yield to more prevailing day

THE RUINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD

Ruins, ruins, ruins, eternal glooms!
Ye crumbling columns and ye mouldering walls,
Ye desert gardens, and ye nameless tombs,
Where the Nightwind in mournful numbers falls,
With the hyena's fiery eyeball gleaming
Through the long night that wraps your doleful grave.
The moon slants along your aged aisles faint streaming,
The whistling weeds that in the breezes wave.
The sands deep piled around the pedestal,
Giving no echo to the lonely hour;—
While the sad owlet's sudden midnight call
Sounds solemn from the niche of crumbling tower.
The sleep of death, the dumb solemnity—
Ruins, ruins, ruins, how eloquent are ye!

Original Sketch.

TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H——— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H———?" I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears and looking the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid, but still I saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H——— looked anxiously into my face. I delicately hinted that he might, possibly, have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. *I ought* to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head; another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H——— in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H———. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it be assured," I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Doctor S——— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S——— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S——— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Doctor S——— thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Doctor S——— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto with which Mr. H——— was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of H——— was shaved; and Doctor S——— applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make one of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S———. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Doctor S——— the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H———'s shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H——— opened, and he looked with half stuped surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now" And she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word; but be very still."

"But my head! What's the matter with my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! Don't understand this. And my arm? What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet. Your life depends upon it!"

Mr. H——— sunk back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it, tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead!"

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H———, affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H——— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church; or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor on happening to come into your room. It was most Providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H——— shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the ———"

"Hush! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience, H——— shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice.

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and my last impressions of H———'s disease, neither had Doctor S———, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these.

H——— had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But, to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last, his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S——— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H——— kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head, upon his shoulders, with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H——— had many a hearty laugh, but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

Selected Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Translated by Mary Howitt.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let one repose upon thy bosom seek
But promise me that thou will leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth loudly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen.
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by one Lord!
Green, gold and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scatteneth
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus—it startleth my reposing;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
—Look, mother, look! the angel knoweth me!

Hearth's Journal

HIGH TREASON EXTRAORDINARY. — Archibald Cornuel, a sheriff's officer, was executed at Edinburgh, in the reign of James I., of England, for hanging two pictures of the king and queen, which he had seized under a distress for rent, to the gallows, the then usual place for sales by auction.

Selected Tale.

TOO HANDSOME.
A Tale.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

It is quite possible for a man, or a woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that this is an original remark, springing from our own sapient brain, because our conscience forces us to acknowledge the working. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore, we intend to enter the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration, it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough "to frighten the crows," as country children say; but decidedly such is not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "ower true tale," as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale,—nothing but a common-place love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no "heroism in humble life," will be found thereon, therefore, gentle readers, it is useless to seek it. And, after this exordium, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau *par excellence*,—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome. We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject.—Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to, or diverge from, this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each fair one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for every thing. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off a bush;" he was "a man of infinite humor," as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round;—wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses,—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so,—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishments, save a sweet voice, which could warble for ever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else,—that was certain; and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless,—oh! that was quite impossible, too; but she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich nor poor—well matched, as the gossips said: but, it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it; paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm without ever really loving or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's desertion, as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant: he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for everyday wear.' And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote,—he is, in truth, *too handsome for me!*"

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can tightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room, the admired and admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than those was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character; and Margaret was right when she said, that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one never particularly welcome at any time,—the news-retailer of the place, a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of London visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes, which showed she was brimming over with news; and out the information came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What, not about the fire at Farmer Western's and young Mr. Heathcote, and his accident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known,—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed,—almost."

Both the ladies started, and, to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights, especially in a lonely country-place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance, but too late. The house was wrapped in flames; and the farmer's aged mother was still within: no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the grey morning twilight disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected, or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him sent to inquire after the poor young man, for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manor-house where he lived, all had forsaken him except one or two kind souls who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester; and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or somewhat else, warmer still, led him thither, the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident, excepting his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognizable, for the deep scars left in his face; and his finely-moulded figure and elastic gait were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock; such as none but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage he could not repress many a bitter pang, as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened, and Margaret entered, he could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A blue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually cobalt-less cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said in a frank, earnest, friendly tone, that went to Philip's heart, "I am very glad, indeed, to see you here again, Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened, so that Philip's dread and embarrassment wore off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's eyes fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear so affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home, certainly happier than he had often been in the days of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said very little; but that night she heard the old church-clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's reappearance in society caused the usual nine day's wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he had shone so brilliantly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the *belles*, who had so often gazed delightedly on his handsome face, now passed him by with a slight recognition, or an audible, "Poor fellow—how handsome he was once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering, but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the "*has been*" grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society, in a great measure, pleading as his reason the ill-health which he really did still labor under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She too was changed; not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip, in his days of triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest of sportive compliment to scatter round; treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, trembled and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this; yet he retained his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days," he often thought, "surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor sick, lame, ugly fellow like me." And he would look at himself with disgust, and turn away from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart! We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years, because a heavy affliction—it was deprivation of hearing fell upon the lovely girl he was to have married: and we have also heard others of his sex justify him in so doing. Such love is not like woman's; she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error; and here that clearer sense of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, dissolving them with delicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blissful existence, did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him! He counted all he had lost as nothing in comparison to the price which his sufferings had won for him.—Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that it was due to his altered character; for men look at the outward form, while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in intense happiness; for Margaret, the timid, retiring, but loving Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from Church; Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged!—and this once the gossips were right—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village Church beheld them made husband and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor-house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, not feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness. Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a mother's pride and fondness—

"Is not our boy handsome, Philip?—he will grow up almost as handsome as—"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote, with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms around her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes with intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once,—"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days—*I did not* love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote. "And so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.'"

D. M. M.

Pictures of Life.

FROM THE NONPAREIL.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed: for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As it to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew
Like the small tribute of humility."

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our gifted countryman, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone." I well remember how to twine in her hair, a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's,—but she gently put it from me.

"What, no ornaments?" I inquired.

"None," she replied,—"but yes,—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white-rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him,—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly, as she whispered—"You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed

"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violent hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured,

"*Pray*, once again, my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight, but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—*his heart had ceased its beatings!* His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added,

"She has left us; oh! our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie *dead!*" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh! sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the moon was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust,—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his early beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, an unfading clime, where ever lieth *the rose of love*, in the bloom of immortality—in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say—another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dew-drop in its glowing heart!

GLEANINGS FROM BORNE'S WORK.—"Never was Luther wiser than when he threw the ink-stand at the devil's head! For the devil dreads nothing but ink, and betakes himself to his heels as soon as he moves it.

"Freedom may use her tongue, because speech is both her weapon and her spoils; but despotism is lost from the moment it attempts to vindicate its ways.

"A rosy shield prayed to the sun, and said, 'Oh, sun! illume me with thy ray!' To which the sun returned, 'Oh, shield! make thyself clean!'"

Selected Articles.

COL. FREMONT'S RIDE.

(The National Intelligencer contains the following account of the celebrated ride of Col. Fremont from Los Angeles to Monterey and back, in March last. This extraordinary ride of 800 miles, occupied only eight days, including all stoppages and near two days detention—a whole day and night at Monterey, and nearly two half days at San Luis Obispo. The account stirs the blood like a ride itself. It also shows the wonderful power of endurance of the Californian horse:]

It was at daybreak on the morning of the 22d of March, that the party set out from la Ciudad de los Angeles (the city of the Angels,) in the southern part of California, to proceed in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pacific Ocean, distant full four hundred miles. The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a trace, and many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime defile of El Rincon, or Punto Gordo fifteen miles in extent, made by the jutting of a precipitous mountain into the sea, which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and even then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo and occasional ranchos, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, to take their turns under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep to the track.

When wanted for a change, any at distances of twenty miles, they were caught by the *lasso*, thrown either by Don Jesus or the servant Jacob, who, though born and raised in Washington, in his long expeditions with Col. Fremont, had become an expert as a Mexican with the lasso, as once as a mountaineer with the rifle, equal to either on horse or foot, and always a lad of courage and fidelity. None of the horses were shod, that being a practice unknown to the Californians. The most usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran one hundred and thirty-five miles, passing the San Fernando mountain, the defile of the Rincon, several other mountains, and slept at the hospitable ranchо of Don Thomas Robberts, beyond the town of Santa Barbara. The only fatigue complained of in this day's ride was in Jacob's right arm, made tired by throwing the lasso and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses to the track.

The next day they made another one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion on Christmas day, 1846, amidst a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada—the day of severest suffering, says Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset, the party stopped to sup with the friendly Capt. Dana, and at nine San Luis Obispo was reached, the home of Don Jesus, where an affecting reception awaited Lieut. Col. Fremont, in consequence of an incident which occurred there, that history will one day record. And he was detained till 11 o'clock in the morning, receiving the visits of the inhabitants, (mothers and children included,) taking a breakfast of honor, and waiting for a relief of fresh horses to be brought in from the surrounding country.

Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses. Proceeding at the usual gait till 8 at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus, who had spent the night before with his family and friends, and probably with but little sleep, became fatigued, and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas, (Salt river, called *Buena Vistoria* in the old maps,) and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose, the party turned off the trace, instead through a *cenada* into a thick wood, and lay down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half way between midnight and day when the sleepers were aroused by an *estampede* among the horses and the calls of the boy.

The cause of the alarm was soon found, not Indians, but white bears—this valley being their great resort—encountered some hundred of them before, killing thirteen upon the ground. The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Col. F. fell for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to lay still, saying that "people could scare bears;" and immediately he hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also; and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak, when the journey was resumed.—Eighty miles and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey.

The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their return, and the two horses ridden by Col. F. from San Luis Obispo, being a present to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a grass younger than the other, both of the same color, (cinnamon,) and hence called *el canelo* or *les canelos*, (the cinnamon, or the cinnamons.) The elder brother was taken for the trial; and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening, and the party stopped for the night. In the morning, the elder canelo was again under the saddle for Col. F., and for ninety miles he carried him without change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that canelo could easily do it, and so said the horse by his looks and action. But Col. F. would not put him to the trial, and shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider.

He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, smelling the air and neighing with exultation of his return to his native pastures, his younger brother all the while running at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his hat, and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made their one hundred and twenty miles each that day, (after thirty the evening before,) the elder cinnamon making ninety of his under the saddle that day, besides thirty under the saddle the evening before; nor was there the least doubt that he would have done the whole distance in the same time if he had continued under the saddle.

After a hospitable detention of another half day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses which they had ridden from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up, namely, at the rate of 125 miles a day.

On this side the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley; but those horses, meaning those trained and domesticated, as the canelos were, eat almost anything in the way of vegetable food or even drink, that their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed, and rarely sold. Bread, fruits, sugar, coffee, and even wine, (like the Persian horse,) they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle, springs them into action; and the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopped short at speed they do not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on anything—man, beast, or weapon, on which their master directs them. But this description, so far as conduct or behavior is concerned, of course only applies to the trained or domesticated horse.

PIUS IX.—THE REFORMER.

PIUS IX.—Cardinal Mastai Ferreti was elected Pope, June 16th, 1846, and assumed the title of Pius IX. He at once entered upon a course the reverse of that which his predecessor had pursued. He went through the streets on foot, which the five preceding Popes had never done. He preached, which no Pope had done before for three hundred years. He sought the society of men of talents and information, and spent much time with them and with the officers of the government, discussing projects of reform. He gave audience without the ordinary ceremonies, and appointed days on which the meanest subject could have free access to his person.

Nor were these mere tricks to gain popularity, but the fruit of an honest desire to be acquainted with the wants of his people, that he might relieve them. A common soldier brought to him a loaf of miserable bread, and said it was a fair sample of their rations. Pius took the loaf, and laid it on the plate of the minister of war, whom he had invited to dinner; and as the astonished functionary turned pale, charged him with the fault. After that he went through the barracks, found about 4,000 loaves of a similar character, which he distributed to the poor; he degraded the minister, imprisoned the bakers, and gave each soldier money to buy bread for himself.

On the 16th of July, just one month after his elevation, appeared the first great public act of his administration, in a decree of amnesty for political offences, which restored to liberty, their country, their homes, and the rights of citizenship, the victims of previous tyranny, to the estimated number of six thousand. Many of them were in great poverty, and a subscription was started in Rome for their relief. Marini, governor of the city, represented to the Pope that a dangerous political motive had prompted the movement. The Pope called for the subscription paper, put down his own name for one hundred and Marini's for ten scudi, and ordered it to be handed around amongst the nobility. Renzi, the leader of the insurrection at Rimini the previous year, called on him to return thanks for the restoration of his liberty, and was received as a son rather than a rebel, and during a long and affectionate conversation, Pius took from his desk a copy of Renzi's revolutionary proclamations, and said that although parts of it were wrong

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.

TERMS.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following persons who are in arrears for the Post:

Of John L. Smith, late of Wardensville, Virginia—*he didn't pay his debts or tell the truth.*
Of Jas. Bunting, late of Winchester, Illinois
Of Nathl. Haswell, late of do. do.
Of J. N. Hinchman, Jas. Bunn, and Andrew Hinchman, late of Steele P. O., Indiana.
Of L. R. Sellon, late of Prather's Grove, Illinois.
Of John Sandish, late of Columbus, Ohio.
Of Sylvanus Jefferson, late of Norwalk, Ohio.
Of M. G. Wiley, late of Valley Creek, Alabama.
Of Jos. M. Smith, late of Troy, Pa.
Of J. L. Waterhouse, late of Mount Morris, N. York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM. We have received from a number the answer or rather answers to this problem; and have inserted the first which came to hand. We have no room for the solutions in detail. We have also received several other problems, but regret that the answers were not sent with them in order that we might publish them regularly the week following the appearance of the problems.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and forward their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send us their own money for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price, but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions; and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

OUR COLUMNS.

Our columns this week are so filled up with the Message, that we have no room for the usual assortment of editorials, news items, &c.

THE MESSAGE.

We had intended to give our readers an abstract of the Message, drawn entirely from our own perusal; but as we have found it impossible as yet to read the Message *thoroughly* ourselves, we take the liberty of laying before our readers the following compend of it, drawn partly from the columns of a contemporary:

The first three columns of the Message, after a proper expression of thankfulness for the general prosperity of the nation, are devoted to an examination of the war question; and the conclusions to which the President arrives is, that "the best means of vindicating the national honor and interest, and of bringing the war to an honorable close, will be to prosecute it with *increased energy* and power in the vital parts of the country."

At the same time the President says:

"It has never been contemplated by me, as an object of the war, to make a permanent conquest of the Republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence as an independent nation."

He is opposed to the policy either of withdrawing our forces entirely, or of taking and holding a certain line, thinking that such movements would only tend to prolong the war.

He is also opposed to yielding up New Mexico and Northern California. He thinks that there would be danger of the latter falling into the hands of some other power.

He says that in the future prosecution of the war, the enemy must be made to feel its pressure more than they have heretofore done, and he recommends that an additional regular force be raised for service during the war, and that authority be given to accept the services of volunteers for such time and extent as the emergencies of the service may require.

The difficulties with Brazil are nearly adjusted, and information has been received that a Minister Plenipotentiary from that Government will soon arrive at Washington, to settle and adjust all remaining causes of dispute.

The Government of Peru has paid two instalments of $30,000 each, of its indemnity, according to the treaty.

He recommends that measures be taken for the establishment in China of Civil Tribunals, to try and punish crimes committed by American citizens resident there, who under present circumstances are amenable to no laws, the recent treaty with China having withdrawn them from the jurisdiction of that Government. This is something new.

He recommends the opening of diplomatic relations with the Papal States, and that *Chargés des Affaires* be sent to Bolivia, Guatemala and Ecuador.

The imports for the year ending 30th June, 1847, were $146,545,838, and the exports, $150,548,622. The receipts into the Treasury for the same period, were $26,348,799 37, of which there were derived from Customs, $23,747,863 66, and from Public Land Sales $2,698,335 20. The rest is miscellaneous. The expenditures during the same period, were $59,451,177 65, of which $9,572,086 37, were for interest on the public debt.

The estimated receipts into the Treasury up to the 30th June, 1848, including the balance on 1st July last, will be $42,866,545 96, and the expenditures if the war is not concluded, during the same period, $58,615,860 07.

The actual public debt, on the first of the present month, including Treasury notes, was $45,659,650 59. A new loan of $18,000,000 is recommended, and should the war with Mexico be continued until the 30th of June, 1849, a further loan of twenty millions dollars will be required for the fiscal year ending on that day, in case no duty be imposed on tea and coffee, and the public lands be not reduced and graduated in price, and no military contributions be collected in Mexico. The latter items, however, is not asked for at this time. Also a duty on *Tea and Coffee*, and the graduation of the price of the public lands are recommended.

The remainder of the message is occupied with references to the Warehousing law, the Sub Treasury—modifications of both of which will be presented by the Secretary—to the Preemption law—to Oregon—to the state and condition of the Indian tribes, &c.

The Post Master General has contracted for the construction of five steamships to be employed as mail-boats in the service of the United States, between New York, Charleston, Savannah, Havana and Chagres. The President recommends that authority be given for the construction of five additional steamships, to be used for foreign mail service. He apprehends no difficulty in making postal arrangements with all foreign powers except Great Britain.

The President closes his message with a reference to Washington's admonition concerning the value of the Union.

In conclusion we refer our readers to the Message itself, as this account is necessarily imperfect, though we have endeavored so far as it goes, to make it correct and faithful to the original.

SANTA FE.

Society at Santa Fe is said to present a totally different appearance from last year—the Colonel now in command there, having put an end to the gambling, rioting and debauchery among the American troops, which formerly prevailed so extensively. This is well.

DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Dempster's second concert on last Thursday evening, in consequence, probably, of the unfavorableness of the weather, was not so well attended as his first one. We regretted this, for he was in perfect voice, which did not seem to us to be the case at the first concert, and his singing was really splendid. "Highland Mary," especially, was most admirably sung, and called out enthusiastic applause. In fact it was an encore though Mr. D. declined availing himself of it. A little anecdote, in this connection, will show how earnest and serious a matter Mr. Dempster's singing is with him. We asked him, after the concert, why he did not comply, in relation to "Highland Mary," with the evident desire of the audience. "Oh," said he, "I could not. That song is so intense and earnest, that it is too much like mockery to repeat it. I should have failed in it had I attempted it again."

The "Dying Child" and the "May Queen" were, as usual, magnificent—and, in respect to the latter, we felt the truth of what the popular Irish authoress, Mrs. S. C. Hall, said of it: "If Mr. Dempster had never done anything else than compose the music of the May Queen, that alone would be sufficient to stamp him a man of genius." In truth, the May Queen is a *perfect* composition. It is, as sung by Dempster, the most beautiful thing we ever listened to. The first part, especially, with its rich jubilant, joyous notes; and again, where the verse begins, "All in the wild March morning"—are glorious. Such music, sung by such a voice as Mr. Dempster's, the most melodious we ever heard, is calculated to exert a very purifying and elevating influence upon all that hear it.

We understand that it is Mr. Dempster's intention to give a concert in Wilmington in the course of the ensuing week. If this intention should be carried into effect, our Wilmington friends will have an opportunity of judging of the truth of our panegyric. If they do not agree with us, after having heard Mr. Dempster, they may conclude either that we have no musical taste, or else that they themselves have none, at their pleasure.

THE JESUITS.

As the statement has been generally made and believed in the liberal parts of Europe, from whence it has been transmitted to the United States, that the Society of Jesuits has been much opposed to the Reform movements and liberal policy of the present Pope, we have thought it only just to that Order, to notice an official denial of this charge, which has recently appeared in the *Courrier Français*. Roothaan, the "General" of the Society, has written a long letter to the editor of that paper, in which, among other things, he says:—

I repel, then, with all the energy of my soul, Mr. Editor, in my name, and in the name of the entire Order which has designated me its chief, the calumny to which you have opened the columns of your journal. It is as much opposed to truth as to public notoriety, that the Jesuits are *in a condition of permanent conspiracy* against the august Pontiff whom the whole universe greets with its acclamation. To love, to venerate, to bless, to defend Pius the Ninth—to obey him in all things—to applaud the wise reforms and ameliorations which it may please him to introduce—is for all Jesuits a duty of conscience and of justice which it will ever be a pleasure to fulfil. This duty, common to all the subjects of the Roman States, will be the more easy to perform, as the Holy Pontiff now seated in the chair of Peter, joins to the sacred character with which he is invested, all the virtues which the Church honors, all the great qualities which the world admires. It will be, besides, for the Jesuits in particular, a duty of gratitude, since from the day on which Pius the Ninth girt his brows with the triple crown, he has never ceased to base upon the Society of Jesus pledges of his benevolent and paternal affection.

I pray you *accept the assurance of all my sentiments*,

ROOTHAAN,
General of the Society of Jesus.

The italicising of the phrase "*in a condition of permanent conspiracy*," appears in the letter as originally published.

WARNING TO WIVES.

Among the many duties which gentlemen have endeavored to impress upon the minds of young women expecting to become wives (as most young women do), is that of always having dinner ready at the time appointed. The importance of this matter has been dwelt upon by male thousands, in a hundred different manners. But surely nothing can be more impressive than the following short account of the fatal consequences which resulted not long since in Cincinnati, from the neglect or inability of a wife to have dinner ready at the minute appointed. What lady can read it without a shudder!

EFFECTS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.—Mr. Levi Strange died suddenly last month in Cincinnati, in a fit of excitement, occasioned by going home and not finding his dinner ready.

Mr. Levi Strange, it seems, went home in the full flush of life and hope and happiness, his mind buoyant, his step elastic, his cheeks ruddy, expecting to find dinner ready. But alas! when he opened his dining room door, the appalling truth burst upon him that dinner was not ready! Poor Mr. Strange—the shock was too great for him to bear. He had merely strength left to gasp out—"Oh, Mrs. Strange, what strange conduct is this!" and then fell in a state of physical exhaustion upon his own dining table. Such are the fatal consequences that may result from wives not having dinner ready at the appointed moment!

TRUE DOCTRINE.

In reference to the speculating spirit of the age, the late Dr. Chalmers made at one time the following very just remarks:

"In opposition to the maxim, that the spirit of enterprise is the soul of commercial prosperity, do we hold that it is the excess of this spirit beyond the moderation of the New Testament, which, pressing on the natural boundaries of trade, is made at length to visit every country, where it operates, with the recoil of all those calamities, which, in the shape of beggared capitalists, and unemployed operatives, and those intervals of bankruptcy and alarm, are observed to follow a season of overdone speculation."

In connection with the above we may say, that it is never safe to separate religion (we do not mean *sectarianism*) from either trade or politics. The truest and only reliable systems of political economy are those that are based upon the great truths of Christianity, the wisest statesmanship, *in the long run*, is that which is scrupulously just, and will not violate for a real or supposed advantage the great rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The nation which bases any of its systems of trade or of political policy, upon anything else than the morality of the New Testament, builds upon the sand. And let it beware when the winds begin to blow, and the waves to beat!

A GREAT RIDE.

The publication of an account of Col. Fremont's great ride, which our readers will find in our outside columns, has brought before the public notice another ride, which is said to be the longest *day's* ride on record. Major Gillespie and Capt. Findlay, both of the California battalion, left San Diego at half-past 5 o'clock on the morning of the 13th of April, and reached Cindad de los Angelos at half-past 11 o'clock in the evening of the same day, a distance of full one hundred and thirty-five miles. They used or employed but four horses each, and were subjected to full three hours detention on the road.

This extraordinary ride, it is confidently believed, has never been equalled in one day, either in California or any where else, but by one other gentleman, and that was between the same points—by Don Pio Pico, Ex-Governor of California.

Neither of the gentlemen complained of exhaustion or remarkable fatigue.

CURE FOR CANCER.

A new remedy for that horrible disease, the cancer, has been accidentally discovered. The account states that a jeweller who had a bad cancerous pimple on his cheek, having occasion to dissolve some gold in nitromuriatic acid rubbed it several times, unconsciously, with his impregnated fingers, and was surprised to find it speedily change its appearance, and shortly disappear. M. Recamier, suspecting the cause, made several uniformly successful experiments with the same mixture; and thus has accident discovered a new caustic for cancerous affections. The proportions he adopts are one ounce of the acid to six grains of the chlorurret of gold.

THE BAZAAR.

A lady says we ought not to have praised the Bazaar last week—that "the gambling which went on there was scandalous." How is this? We know nothing of it. We have no idea of allowing Fairs to become gambling booths—especially at a time when the regular establishments are being so vigorously dealt with.

FLORIDA.

We see that Jacksonville, Florida, is crowded with strangers from the northern States. The hotels there cannot accommodate all who seek the genial air of Florida. The South flies to the North in summer, and the North to the South in winter.

LOSS OF THE PHŒNIX.

The account of the loss of the Propeller Phœnix on Lake Michigan, which we hoped was exaggerated, proves not to have been so, in the least. It is said that only forty-five were saved out of three hundred persons. One hundred and seventy-five were German immigrants. The scene is described as most awful. The Propeller Delaware came in sight at half-past 3 o'clock, but too late to save the unfortunate victims. From an account published by the Buffalo Advertiser, we take the following paragraphs:—

The Phœnix was first discovered on fire from the deck of the propeller Delaware at a quarter to four o'clock on the morning of the 21st, off about eighteen miles, bearing about north by east.

The Delaware was at once put under weigh and headed for the burning propeller, and drove with all possible speed for two hours, when arriving within fifty rods of the wreck, they heard a voice calling loudly for assistance.

One boat was immediately lowered down and sent in pursuit of the suffering man. It succeeded in picking him up directly and bringing him safe to the Delaware, when he was at once divested of his clothing and dry garments were served him, and after rubbing him severely he became quite comfortable. He proved to be the first engineer. While this man was being picked up the propeller proceeded to the wreck, when the other boat was lowered down and the clerk was found, together with one passenger, clinging to the rudder. This boat picked them up and brought them on board, where, after their garments were once dried as before, they were both revived and made comfortable.

Both boats were then sent in pursuit of more bodies, while the Delaware was made fast to the wreck, and continued lashed to it Sheboygan, where she sunk in eight feet water. Soon after the arrival of the wreck at Sheboygan, the boats came up, one with five dead bodies, and the other with baggage and fragments.

At this time one of the Phœnix's boats came up from the shore where the two boats had gone from the burning vessel, taking with them forty-two of the crew and passengers.

The Delaware soon left on her downward passage, and in passing in the track where the burning vessel was found, fell in with many floating bodies, to the number of about one hundred. Some of them were standing upright in the water, some of the women were lying on their sides, some—the children generally—on their faces. Some of the passengers were in full dress, some in undress, and others entirely naked—all with their heads to the northward.

They were within four miles of the land, and the wind was fast driving them ashore, so it was not deemed advisable to pick them up, as plenty of boats had been sent from Sheboygan for that purpose, and all not picked up by the boats would drift ashore by the following morning.

The Detroit Advertiser says:—

As to the origin of the fire, it was impossible to ascertain, as each of the survivors with whom we conversed, had different opinions. The most probable conclusion is, that it took fire near the boilers, as the first that was discovered of the fire flames were rushing out of the ventilators, used for carrying off the hot air, situate directly over or near the boilers.

Those who were eye-witnesses of this dreadful scene, say that language is inadequate to give even a poor description of it; all was confusion and tumult—the cries and screams of the poor Hollanders, collected together in crowds on the bow of the boat, were enough to make the most resolute heart falter, and impress on the minds of those fortunate enough to escape, recollections of that awful hour, that time can never obliterate.

Young and old—the vigorous and decrepid—women and children, were all huddled together perfectly frantic at the horrible doom that awaited them—the still small hope that the Delaware would arrive to render them assistance, served only to prolong the sufferings of those who clung to the boat to perish by the devouring element.

At one time the rigging of the vessel was completely crowded by those who sought refuge from the flames and smoke; the fire spreading rapidly, upon reaching the rigging the whole was in one instant a perfect blaze, and those who still clung to their last hopes, dropped like the seared leaf at low leaves before the chill blast of winter. This was the saddest sight of all; sickening even to contemplate.

FROM MEXICO.

The news from Mexico since our last number, is of a rather important character.

A revolution had broken out at Guadalajara, with the design of elevating Gomez Farias to the Presidency. A sanguinary conflict ensued between his troops and the mob opposed to him, headed by the priests. In the action, General Anspadia and many others attached to the party of Farias were killed, and in the end the church party triumphed.

Paredes was at Tulacingo and had openly pronounced in favor of his monarchical scheme, seconded by the garrison at Mazatlan.

The Mexican populations still exhibit an unquenchable hatred for the Americans, and express no desire for peace.

The Mexican Congress had moved from Queretaro to Morelia, to get rid of the military, by which it was overawed.

Gen. Rea and Santa Anna, with a single brigade, are at Triesenta, intending to make an attack upon the next train.

Bustamente, who had gone to Queretaro, has a force of 5,000 men at his command near the city of San Luis.

Canales had been encountered by a small American force, and defeated with some loss.

From two thousand to three thousand troops, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 17th and 18th, and Gen. Butler expected, on a fortnight, to move forward for the Capital with six thousand men, including what had been left behind of the former Division.

A STEAMBOAT NOVELTY.

"If you wish to know what is going on at home go abroad," says an old proverb—and we were reminded of it in seeing in the Home Journal, an extract from a letter of a French traveller in this country, to a Paris paper. The letter opens with a sketch of a passage up the North River, in the "Isaac Newton." In his description of the boat, he thus selects its leading novelty in the way of luxuries:—

"But all these splendors grow pale before the *bridal chamber*. You know of the existence of that custom, American and English, which makes it an imperative duty of a newly-married couple to go and love one another out of sight of friends and relatives. In one hour after the benediction they are compelled to have commenced their adoring, not in their own house, or in the bosom of their family—but on a railroad, or steamer, or in a hotel or a strange city. Delicacy has truly singular ways of expressing itself! The proprietors of the 'Isaac Newton,' wishing to turn to profit these bridal usages, have constructed a nuptial chamber, a mysterious and charming nest, where the lovers are protected from the observation of the curious. That which is told of this delicious retreat, sacred to lawful love, passes all belief. Triple curtains of muslins and lace, bewildering aromas, exquisite wines and liquors, perfumed baths and softened light—for ten dollars you may pass a day in this Eldorado. But it is necessary to show proof that you were married that morning. At no price whatever, would a couple that had been two days one, be admitted into this sanctuary of the first hours of the honey-moon."

SPIRITUAL WIFEHOOD.

From the details of a recent lawsuit at Boston, we perceive that the charge against the Mormons, of holding as one of their tenets a doctrine called "spiritual wifehood," is true. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decreed a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, between Henry Cobb and his wife Augusta Cobb, on the application of the husband, who alleged that his wife had lived at Nauvoo as the "spiritual wife" of Bingham Young. Geo. J. Adams, known as Elder Adams, testified to the fact and the subject of a conversation with Mrs. Cobb, on which she avowed that persons had a right to live together in unlawful intercourse, and said it was right. The testimony of Mr. Adams was corroborated by a widow lady, who had been at Nauvoo, and while there had taken the first degree in the mysteries of the Mormon Church. The second degree gave the privilege of spiritual wifehood. Mrs. Cobb took this degree, and urged the witness to take it, and spoke of her connection with Young. Elder Adams declared that Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, did not teach any such doctrine. We have frequently seen it asserted, however, that he practised upon it. Poor, deluded beings!

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

The Cherokees are said to be making great progress in the arts of civilized life. As an evidence of their rapid stride towards a high degree of civilization, it is stated that they have already incurred a national debt of about a hundred thousand dollars, which "they are puzzling their brains to know how to pay." This latter fact shows, however, that they still have another step to take before they shall have reached the *highest* civilization. When that step is taken, they will puzzle their heads no longer with the thought of paying off their national debt, but acquire the habit of regarding it as a "fixed fact." "England and France never expect to pay off their debt," will the Indian financiers say, "why should Cherokees?"

NEW MUSIC.

We have received "The Dying Child and the Angel of Death," written by Mary Hewitt, and "The Rainy Day," written by Longfellow, both set to music by Dempster. Of the first, we have several times spoken; the other, "The Rainy Day," is also a beautiful composition. We suppose they can be obtained at any of the principal music stores in this and other cities.

DYING HARMONIES.

J. Bayard Taylor has favored us with the following sweet triad of poems. They are from the German of Uhland. Mr. Taylor says they are "exceedingly simple and beautiful in the original," and we think our readers will unite with us in saying that they are no less so, in the translation:

I.

THE SERENADE.

What hear, melodious strains are these,
Which charm my drooping ear?
Look, mother, from the latice-lee!—
Who comes at midnight here?

"I hear no sound, I see no form,
Oh slumber on so mild!
They give thee cause to complain,
Then wreak and suffering child!"

Oh, not from Earth that music comes
In rapture and in light;
The angels call me with the song,
And mother, dear, good-night!

II.

THE ORGAN.

"Oh, hid the solemn organ sound,
Kind friend, for me again!
The hymns of its deep heart may make
Mine own forgot in pain!"

The gray-haired organist obeyed
He played, as ne'er before—
So pure, so glorious, that he knew
The very tones no more.

Some sweet, seraphic anthem, seemed
His trembling hands to play;
He paused in fear—for on its wings
Her soul had passed away!

III.

THE THRUSH.

"I will not for the meadows pine—
Will lie the summer long,
Could I but hear the thrush, that dits
The thicket with his song!"

They brought the boy the captured thrush;
The cage hangs o'er his bed;
But the prisoned bird is sad and still,
And droops her glossy head.

He cast a faint, beseeching glance
On his playmate of the wild.
The thrush began her thrilling song,
And cheered the dying child!

SANTA ANNA

The steamer New Orleans has arrived at New Orleans, with Vera Cruz dates to the 21st November. The most important news is in relation to an attempt having been made by Santa Anna to resume the reins of government, not by force, but by a mere assumption of the authority of President, which he contends cannot be equitably separated from the command of the army. A long document from Santa Anna, dated Nov. 1st, at Tepanzan, directed to President Pena y Pena, through the Secretary of State, is published. In it he contends that the terms of his resignation were not sufficient and could have no legal force unless accepted by Congress. He never entirely resigned the Functions of President, but temporarily consented to the separation of the civil from the military powers of the office, which the state of the country then required, but such reasons having now ceased to exist he desired to resume his full legal position till Congress should accept his resignation. The same day he addressed an exposition of the same views to Congress, tendering his resignation and entreating that body to accept it.

THE NORWEGIANS.

We regret to see by the Milwaukie Sentinel, that the 15,000 Norwegians in Wisconsin manifest a disposition to band together as Norwegians, and not as American citizens. This is hardly to be wondered at, but much to be regretted. We trust that the sober and intelligent of both political parties in Wisconsin, will endeavor to impress upon the minds of the leading men among the Norwegians, the fatal tendency of such a policy, and its ingratitude to the country which has so generously opened its arms to receive them. Receiving as the United States does every year, hundreds of thousands of emigrants from the old world, it is of great importance that those emigrants should forget as soon as possible their foreign origin, its likings and antipathies, and remember that henceforth they are Americans, and only Americans.

MADAME BISHOP.

We went to see Madame Anna Bishop at the Opera last week, in the character of Norma. Madame Bishop is generally praised for her singing; but we thought her acting more than second observing of praise. Were it not for one thing, she would be a splendid actress—that is, her inability to forget her audience, to lose herself in her part. Even in the most pathetic and sublime portions of the play, she never forgets that she is Madame Anna Bishop, and ever has a sweet smile for the audience. Her face bears a great resemblance to Fanny Kemble's, or rather to Sully's finest picture of Fanny. She has a very expressive face, a most winning smile, and is altogether a very handsome woman. She would make a stage reputation, and most exciting our risibility, as so many do, by the comic length of their "tragic strut."

SYMPATHY FOR ITALY.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held in New York last week, to sympathize with the Italians in their struggle for freedom. The meeting was addressed by Benjamin F. Butler, Theodore Sedgewick, J. S. Beardsell, Dudley Selden, Samuel J. Tilden, Robert Kelly, Dudley Field, Professor Foresti, and others, and letter were read from Hon. M. Van Buren, Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. G. M. Dallas, Hon. Reverdy Johnson, W. H. Seward, T. H. Benton, Hon. Albert Gallatin, Senator Dix, Senator Dickinson, and Hon. Edward Everett. Mr. Greeley was then introduced, and read the Address to Pope Pius, which had been prepared for the occasion, which was unanimously adopted. A similar meeting is talked of in this city.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The Juniata Sentinel, published in Mifflintown, Pennsylvania, speaks as follows of the Post. To deserve such high commendation, is our earnest endeavor. The editor of the Sentinel will please accept our thanks for the friendly feeling he manifests:

The Saturday Evening Post, the *paragon of the Philadelphia newspapers*, grows better and better as it grows older. Its columns are not taken up with the silly, sickening trash, which seems to command a premium with some of the city papers, but are ever well stored with interesting and instructive matter.

SELLING HIS CROWN.

The Grand Duke of Lucca has sold his crown to Tuscany for 1,000,000 livres of rent. The population of Lucca is one hundred and thirty-five thousand, and its territory about thirty leagues square. It is said that this monarch has set all the other little principalities in a ferment, and that six more are actually for sale at the present moment, subject only to the approval of the Cabinet of Vienna. The object of these petty monarchs is to get rid of the trouble of their little kingdoms, and go and live on princely incomes, in Paris.

AN OVERBEARING WOMAN.

The editor of the Enquirer has seen a letter from a distinguished physician in London, in which the writer alluded to one of his patients, a lady of thirty-five, who had had thirty-two children at thirteen births, namely—4 twins, 3 three times, while most of the others were twins. This, is one Prince's recent pun, is another instance of a most overbearing woman. The husband of such a wife deserves an annuity from the Government under which he lives.

ARRIVALS FROM MEXICO.

Quite a number of distinguished officers have arrived at New Orleans, from Mexico. Among them we notice the names of Major General Quitman, Gen. Shields, Cols. Hagner, Garland, Andrews, Morgan, Ramsay and Burnett, Maj. Dykeman, Lieuts. Porter and Sweeny, of the New York Volunteers, and Passed Midshipman Rogers. They were received at New Orleans with much enthusiasm.

FIRE ON THE PRAIRIES.

Some of the wealthiest farmers in Washington County, Iowa, have had their fences, houses, barns, stacks of grain, and everything belonging to them destroyed by the raging fires of the prairies, which, sweeping over the long and dry grass, destroyed everything before them. It seems that the usual precautions were unaccountably neglected. The loss is estimated at $50,000.

A LARGE MEETING.

One of the largest meetings ever held in Philadelphia, was held by the Whigs on last Monday evening, to respond to the recent speech of Henry Clay. The resolutions of the meeting were substantially an endorsement of those of Mr. Clay's, with an additional one in favor of the Wilmot Proviso.

A GEM.

We have received from Carey & Hart a beautiful volume containing the whole of the poetical works (excepting the dramas) of N. P. Willis. This volume will be a splendid present for the approaching holydays. We shall endeavor to notice it more at length, upon a future occasion.

New Publications.

LEGULLA LEMMOR, AND MR. AND MRS. WOODSPARROW. *By Miss Leslie, author of "Kitty's Relations," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* Our lady readers will be pleased to hear of the publication of another novel by Miss Leslie. This is intended as a "sequel for young wives;" and as all the ladies either have been, are now, or expect to be young wives, it will be of course interesting to the whole sex. We do not doubt, however, but some young matrons, in all the pride of a two-month's marriage, will turn their heads, and exclaim, indignantly, that it is the height of presumption for Miss Leslie, or any other Miss, to think she can teach them anything about matrimony. The price of the book, which includes also a short tale, called Dudley Villiers, is only 37½ cents.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Forsythe Robinson, late an officer of the Army. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* These two volumes contain an account of the organization of the Army of the United States, with biographies of distinguished officers of all grades. The author says in his preface, that he has written this book to fill a vacuum in the history of our country, and to preserve, if possible, the memory of the services of many distinguished men, the achievements of whom were apt to be overlooked in the general annals of the United States. The work is embellished with 36 authentic portraits.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM ILLUSTRATED. *By John Todd, D. D. Northampton; J. H. Butler.* The title of this work almost sufficiently explains its character. The author says it is his design to have this work aid parents to instruct their children in the great truths of religion—to bring back the old primer into the family; and to aid the Sabbath School. It is for sale by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., *Philada.*

NEWMAN'S HYDRAULICS AND MECHANICS. *New York: Greeley & McElrath.* Part 2 of this curious and interesting work has been issued. It contains explanations of the many methods adopted by different nations, at various periods of the world, to raise water for purposes of irrigation, &c. For sale by *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

WHEN TO MARRY AND HOW TO GET MARRIED. We have received Part 2 of this work, which is to be completed in six parts, 62 cents each. From a perusal of the first part, we can call attention to it as an ably written book. Published by *Carey & Hart*, 126 *Chestnut street.*

CHILDREN'S PERIODICALS. We have received No. 4 of "The Playmate," from *Zieber & Co.*, and No. 2, of "The New Miscellany," from *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

Varieties.

THE SUGAR AND COTTON CROPS OF THE SOUTH.—The cotton crop is estimated at 2,375,000 bales, and this estimate is believed to be nearly accurate. The sugar crop is put down at 250,000 hogsheads, against 120,000 last year. The new sugar received thus far is as good in quality as was received last year, two months later, and prices range from 3½c. to 5½c., and will go lower. Molasses will be equally abundant and cheap. Prices now rule at 20 to 21c., but are expected to be 14c. in bbls., and 10 to 11c. on plantation before the season is over.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A boot maker has invented a rotary heel, to be applied to boots, so that when down on one side, by uneven treading, it can be easily twisted round, thus producing another even surface, and easier locomotion in the wearer.

☞ A young lady said to her gallant, "Pray clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, putting his arms round her, "and the contents also."

☞ George III., speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, used the expression, "I believe your Grace has better than a dozen." "No, sire," replied the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the King, "is not that better than a dozen?"

☞ Merrily the child springs about on his crutches, and irksomely hobbles along the old man on his. What distinguishes the two children? Hope and memory.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ A man's temperature is generally about 98 Fahrenheit. A scientific friend observes, to increase his temperature, all that is necessary is to pull his nose.

Congressional.

SENATE.

At 12 o'clock on Monday, the 6th inst., the Vice President called the Senate to order, when a prayer, appropriate to the opening of the session, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Sliter.

The number of Senators present who answered to their names was forty-one. Messrs. Webster, Baldwin, Niles, Clayton, Pierce, Calhoun, Berrien, Colquitt, Lewis, Bagby, Bell, Benton and Yulee, were absent.

The new Senators present were introduced and sworn into office in the usual form. They were Messrs. Hall, Underwood, Dawson, Clarke, Jefferson Davis, Douglass, Bradbury, Fetch, Foote, Hunter and Spruance.

On motion of Mr. Breese, the Secretary was directed to acquaint the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate had assembled, that it had organized and were ready to proceed to business.

On motion of Mr. Fairchild, the daily hour of meeting was fixed at 12 o'clock.

On motion of Mr. Cameron, it was resolved that each Senator be provided with four daily papers.

The Senate then adjourned.

On Tuesday, the 7th, the Hon. Messrs. Pierce, Niles, Calhoun, Colquitt and Baldwin, appeared and took their seats.

A message from the House was received, informing the Senate that that body had organized, and was ready to proceed to business; and that the House had adopted the joint resolution for a Committee of both Houses of Congress, to wait on the President and inform him of their organization; and that on its part it had appointed Messrs. Hunt, and Cobb, of Georgia.

The Senate thereupon adopted the usual resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to wait on the President and inform him that the two Houses had organized, and were ready to receive any communication he might please to make. The Senate on its part appointed Messrs. Sevier, Mangum and Fairfield, on the said Committee.

After a short absence the Committee returned, and reported that it had performed its duty, and that the President would send in his message forthwith.

The private Secretary of the President entered with the annual Message, which was read by the Secretary of the Senate.

The message having been read, it was ordered that 25,000 copies of the Message, and 5,000 of the Message and accompanying Documents be printed.

Mr. Hannegan gave notice that he intended to introduce a bill for the relief of the heirs of Paul Jones.

Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At 12 o'clock the members were called to order, and the roll was called by Mr. French, the clerk of the last House. The number of members answering to their names was two hundred and nineteen.

Mr. Adams moved that the House go into an election for Speaker, and that the vote be taken viva voce, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. French requested Daniel P. King, James A. Black and Richard W. Thompson, to act as tellers.

The vote on the first ballot stood R. C. Winthrop, 108; Linn Boyd, 64; R. McClelland, 23; J. S. McClernand, 20; James J. McKay, 5; scattering, 12. Messrs. Goddings and Tuck voted for Mr. Winthrop. Messrs. Dockery, Dromgoole, Mr. Palfrey for Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Linn for Joseph R. Ingersoll. There being no choice a second ballot was ordered.

On the second ballot the vote stood: R. C. Winthrop, 109; Linn Boyd 82; R. McClelland, 13; scattering, 15.

The third ballot was then ordered, when the vote stood: R. C. Winthrop, 110; Linn Boyd, 84; R. McClelland, 14; scattering, 14. Messrs. Tompkins and Holmes did not vote. John W. Jones and Lewis C. Levin voted for Mr. Winthrop. Messrs. Palfrey, Giddings, and Tuck voted for different persons.

Mr. Winthrop having received a majority of the votes cast, was declared to be duly elected, and being conducted to the chair by Messrs. Vinton and McKay, returned thanks in an able, and eloquent address.

The oath of office was then administered to the Speaker elect by Mr. Adams.

The members were then sworn in by States.

A resolution was then adopted for the appointment of a joint Committee of both Houses to wait on the President of the United States, and inform him that Congress had organized.

Mr. Levin offered a resolution adopting Mr. French as the Clerk of the House for the present Congress, but pending this motion the House adjourned.

The election of Mr. Winthrop on the third ballot was accomplished by Mr. Levin, who had previously voted for Joseph R. Ingersoll, casting his vote for the Whig candidate, and in consequence of Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, not voting, and another member absenting himself from the hall.

The rules which governed the House during the last session are, by the resolution, to be in force until the third Monday of the present month, with the exception of the one hour rule. A Committee was appointed to revise and simplify the rules.

On Tuesday, the first business in order was the election of Clerk, and William Campbell was chosen on the first ballot. He had 113 votes, French 109, Governeur 1, Tent 1, and Sargent 1.

The annual message of the President was then received at the hands of his Private Secretary, and was read by the Clerk of the House. Adjourned.

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constitutionally objected that this difficulty will, in a great extent, be soon removed by the increased forces which have been sent to the field.

Measures have recently been adopted by which the material as well as external revenues of Mexico, in all places in our military occupation, will be seized and appropriated to the use of our army and navy.

The policy of levying upon the enemy contributions in every form, simultaneously with the march of events, which it may be practicable for our military commanders to adopt, should, in my judgment, be rigidly enforced, and orders to this effect have accordingly been given. By such a policy, at the same time that our army will be relieved from a heavy drain, the Mexican people will be made to feel the burdens of the war, and, consequently, may be induced the more speedily to require their return to peace at the hands of their rulers.

After the adjustment of the last accounts with the enemy transferred in the prosecution of the war which, in my judgment, required a greater number of troops in the field than had been anticipated. The strength of the army was accordingly increased by "accepting" the services of all the volunteers tendered authorized by the act of the 13th of May, 1846, without putting a construction on that act, the correctness of which was seriously questioned. The volunteer forces now in the field, with those which had been "accepted" to serve for twelve months," and were discharged at the end of their term of service, exceed the fifty thousand men authorized by that act. Had it been clear that a proper construction of the act warranted it, the services of an additional number would have been called for and accepted, but doubts existing upon the point, the power was not exercised.

It is deemed important that Congress should, at an early period of their session, confer the authority to raise an adequate regular force to serve during the war with Mexico, and to be discharged upon the conclusion and ratification of a treaty of peace. I invite the attention of Congress to the views presented by the Secretary of War in his report upon this subject.

I recommend, also, that authority be given by law to call for and accept, the services of an additional number of volunteers, to be exercised at such time and to such extent as the emergencies of the service may require.

In prosecuting the war with Mexico, whilst the utmost care has been taken to avoid every just cause of complaint on the part of neutral nations and none has been given, liberal privileges have been granted to their commerce in the ports of the enemy in our military occupation.

The difficulty with the Brazilian government, which at one time threatened an interruption of the friendly intercourse between the two countries, will, I trust, be speedily adjusted. I have received information that on every question of difference and dispute, postponement on the United States will shortly be appointed by his Imperial Majesty, and it is hoped he will come with instructions and prepared to adjust all remaining differences between the two governments in a manner acceptable and honorable to both. In the meantime, I see no reason to believe that no long will occur to interrupt the amicable relations with Brazil.

It has been my constant effort so to govern and cultivate the most intimate relations of friendship with all the Independent Powers of South America, and this policy has been attended with the happiest results. It is true, that the settlement and payment of some 300 claims of American citizens against these nations have been long delayed. The persistent position in which they have been placed, and the desire on the part of my predecessors as well as myself to spare them the utmost indulgence, have hitherto prevented these claims from being urged in a manner demanded by strict justice. The time has arrived when they cannot be longer postponed and adjusted, and efforts are now making for this purpose.

It is proper to inform that the government of Peru has a good faith paid the first two installments of its indebtedness of thirty thousand dollars each, and the greater portion of the interest due thereon, in the terms of the convention between that government and the United States, the ratifications of which were exchanged at Lima on the third day of October 1846. The Minister General of the United States, on my in August, in compliance with the stipulations of that convention, and made a report thereon, in pursuance of the act of the eighth of August, 1846. The same, which the report, I have respectfully called will be laid before Congress at its meeting.

I invite the early attention of Congress to the present condition of our citizens in China. Under our treaty with that power, American citizens are withdrawn from the jurisdiction, whether civil or criminal, of the Chinese government, and placed under that of our public functionaries in that country. By these alone can our citizens be tried and punished for the commission of any crime, by these alone can contracts be enforced, into which they may have entered with the citizens or subjects of foreign powers. The merchant vessels of the United States lying in the waters of the five ports of China open to foreign commerce are under the exclusive jurisdiction of officers of their own government.

Unless Congress shall establish competent tribunals to try and punish crimes, and to exercise jurisdiction in civil cases in China, American citizens there are subject to no law whatever. Crimes may be committed with impunity, and debts may be contracted, without any means to enforce their payment. Inconvenience have already resulted from the omission of Congress to organize upon the subject, and still greater are apprehended. The British authorities in China have already complained that this government has not provided for the punishment of crimes or for the enforcement of contracts against American citizens in that country, which their government has established tribunals by which an American citizen can recover debts due from British subjects.

Accustomed as the Chinese are to summary justice, they could not be made to comprehend why criminals who are citizens of the United States should escape with impunity, in violation of treaty obligations, while the punishment of a Chinese, who had committed the crime against an American citizen, would be rigorously exacted. Indeed, the consequences might be fatal to the lives of citizens of the United States who may be committed by the acts of them upon a Chinese, and should trial and punishment not follow according to the requirements of the treaty. This might doubtless, if not destroy, our friendly relations with that empire, and cause an interruption of our valuable commerce.

That treaties with the Sublime Porte, Tripoli, Tunis, Muscatine and Muscat, also require the attention of Congress to carry them into execution, though the necessity for immediate action may not be so urgent in regard to China.

The Secretary of State has submitted no evidence to detract the existence of amicable relations with the Papal States. The more exciting political events now in progress in those States, have not yet led to any interruption of our friendly intercourse, but, in my opinion, rendered such a concerted highly expedient.

Extensive claims have been estimated for the subjugation and transfer of California to the jurisdiction of Mexico, Guatemala, and Ecuador. The manifest importance of cultivating the most friendly relations with all the independent States upon this continent has induced me to recommend appropriations necessary for the maintenance of these missions.

I recommend to Congress that an appropriation be made, to be paid to the Spanish government for the purpose of distribution among the claimants in "the Amistad case." I entertain the conviction that this is due to Spain under the treaty of the seventeenth of October 1795, and, moreover, that from the earnest manner in which the claim continues to be urged, so long as it shall be pressed, it will be a source of irritation and discussion between the two countries, which may prove highly prejudicial to the interests of the United States. Good policy, no less than a laudable compliance with our treaty obligations, requires that the necessary and moderate appropriation demanded should be made.

A detailed statement of the finances will be presented in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The receipts for the last fiscal year, ending on the thirtieth of June, 1847, were of the value of one hundred and forty-six millions five hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and twelve dollars, of which the amount exported was eight millions eleven thousand one hundred and fifty-eight dollars, leaving one hundred and thirty-eight millions five hundred and forty thousand four hundred and eighty dollars in the country for domestic use. The value of the exports for the same period was one hundred and fifty-one millions six hundred and twenty-two dollars, of which one hundred and fifty-two millions six hundred and twenty-two dollars, of which one hundred and fifty millions six hundred and forty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-four dollars were of domestic growth, manufacture, and production, and the balance, one million four hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-eight dollars, of foreign origin.

The receipts into the treasury for the same period amounted to twenty-six million three hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, of which there was derived from customs twenty-three millions seven hundred and forty-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine dollars and twenty-six cents, from sales of public lands two million four hundred and ninety-eight thousand three hundred and thirty-five dollars and twenty cents, and from the double and miscellaneous sources, one hundred thousand five hundred and seventy dollars and fifty-one cents. The last fiscal year during which this highway revenue collected law remains under the operation of the tariff act of 1842 and seven months during which the tariff act of 1846 was in force. During the five months under the act of 1842, the amount received from customs was twenty-two million eight hundred and forty-two thousand three hundred and ninety dollars and twenty cents, and during the seven months under the act of 1846, the amount received was fifteen million one hundred and five thousand five hundred and fifty-seven dollars and twenty-six cents.

The new revenue from customs, during the year ending on the first of December, 1846, being the last year under the operation of the tariff act of 1842, was twenty-two millions nine hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred and three dollars and ten cents, and the net revenue from customs during the year ending on the first of December, 1847, being the first year under the operation of the tariff act of 1846, was about thirty-one millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars, and an increase of revenue for the first year under the tariff act of 1846 of more than eight millions five hundred thousand dollars over that of the last year under the tariff of 1842.

The expenditures during the fiscal year ending on the thirtieth of June last, were fifty-nine millions five hundred and fifty-one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents, of which there collection has hundred and twenty-nine thousand and eighty-two dollars and twenty-nine thousand and twenty-five dollars and sixty-five cents were for payments of principal and interest of the public debt, including treasury notes redeemed and not funded. The expenditures, exclusive of payments of public debt, were fifty five million nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand and twenty five dollars and twenty eight cents.

It is a matter that the foreign into the treasury for the fiscal year, ending on the thirtieth of June, 1848, including the balance in the treasury on the first of July last, will amount to forty-two millions eight hundred and eighty six thousand five hundred and forty-five dollars and twenty-eight cents, of which thirty-one million, it is estimated, will be derived from customs, three million three hundred thousand from the sale of the public lands, and one million two hundred and forty-five thousand five hundred and forty dollars and twenty-eight cents. The last fiscal year during which this highway revenue collected law remains under the operation of the tariff act of 1842 and seven months during which the tariff act of 1846 was in force. During the five months under the act of 1842, the amount received from customs was twenty-two million eight hundred and forty two thousand three hundred and ninety dollars and twenty cents, and during the seven months under the act of 1846, the amount received was fifteen million one hundred and five thousand five hundred and fifty-seven dollars and twenty six cents.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CHILDLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

When I think upon the children,
How I sorrow for the gloom
That pervades the silent chambers
Of their still and joyless home!
They do not hear the gleesome sound
Of infant voices sweet,
The gush of fairy laughter,
Or the trend of tiny feet.

Their hand the little shining head
Can never fondly press,
They never on the cozed lip
Imprint a warm caress;
They never hear a lisping tongue
Pronounce their name in prayer,
Or watch beside the cradle
Of a slumber calm and fair.

Thely age is dull and lonely:
In the solemn hour of death
No fond and weeping offspring
Receive their parting breath;
And they feel the hollow nothingness
Of honors, lands and name,
Knowing that those who love them not
The heritage must claim.

Then I sorrow'd for the childless;
But one long, in happier mood,
I thought how Providence o'ersiew
Each earthly thing for good:
With the pleasures of the parent
Their lot I had compared,
Pur dwelt not on the trials ?—
And the troubles they were spared.

They know not what it is to stand
An infant sufferer by—
To mark the crimson fevered cheek,
The bright and restless eye;
And feel that in that feeble breast,
That form of fragile make,
Their happiness is garner'd up,
Their earthly hopes at stake.

They know not, as the mind unfolds,
How hard it is to win
The little heart to cling to good,
And shun the ways of sin;
They reck not of the awful charge,
Amid a world of strife,
To train a tenant for the skies
An heir of endless life

They see not the small coffin laid
Beneath the heavy sod,
Surviving to school their bursting breasts
To bear the smote of God,
Then turning to the dreary home,
Once gay with childless mirth,
To view the silent nursery—
The sad, deserted hearth.

Yet, is it not a blessed thought
That we have One above
Who deals to us our varied gifts
With such impartial love?
Let not another's favor'd lot,
Our anxious minds molest;
God knows alike his need and ours
And judges for the best.

He wisely with some shadowy cloud
O'ersprends our brightest day;
He kindly cheers our deepest gloom,
With some benignant ray;
And we may safely rest on Him,
Whose loving mercy lies
Not only in the good He sends
But that which He denies.

Selected Articles.

DUELLING.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE EXAMINER.

We copy the following from the Raleigh Register, of North Carolina:—

"We regret to learn that Henry F. Harris, Esq., a member of the last Legislature, from Pitt county, was killed in a duel, on Friday morning last, at the Halfway House, on the Dismal Swamp Canal, a shore distance within the Virginia side of the line, by E. C. Yellowly, Esq., of the same county."

Mr. Harris was an impetuous, ill-disciplined, passionate man. He was the Whig representative last year, from this district. Mr. Yellowly, who is amiable, yet resolute, opposed his nomination. Harris was returned by only *fifteen* majority, when the party could have given him hundreds. Stung by the smallness of the return, he said, after the poll was over, to Yellowly—

"You d——d scoundrel, you are the cause of this. If you had not opposed my nomination, I should have had the usual majority."

"I opposed your nomination," replied Yellowly, "as I had a right to do, but I supported you at the ballot-box."

Thereupon Harris struck him—they clinched, and were separated. Many supposed this would end the matter. But Harris retired to the room, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and pursued Yellowly, swearing he would shoot him the first place he met him. The citizens here interfered, and bound both parties to keep the peace for twelve months.

But though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was violated. Every day, and often by moonlight, Harris was out practising, until he had perfected himself. When the year had expired, the parties met, and the aggressor fell! He died by the hand of his brother, in the midst of his long-engendered and bitter hate! He died, his last endeavor being to rub that brother of his life! The dead sleep; the survivor, living, though innocent as the duellist ever can be, will mourn the blood he shed, and know peace never more.

Is it not strange that man should resort to so savage and barbarous a practice? Hath not a marvel that he should deliberately inflict a double murder—first upon his adversary, and, second, a more terrible one upon himself. And for what? An insult—breath hastily or hotly poured out. This, some says, must be atoned for, and the price is blood—human blood—the life God has given, and which none but God has the right to take. Honor! There is not a step taken, from the first conception to the last act of the duel—not a line penned—not an arrangement made—which is not marked by dishonor, by meanness, by a species of trick and management which, elsewhere, and under any other circumstances, would be scouted as contemptible, and scanned as base, by all just-minded men.

Trace the history of a duel.

A challenge passes. What is the first step which follows, as a general rule? That the parties put themselves under immediate training. They get the best pistols. Friends go out with them; they take a sappling as a mark; they fire at that until they can hit it easily—until they are considered "a good or sure shot." The opponents do not meet each other in the glow of passion, or ere the blood has cooled, and settle their differences at once. The crack of the pistol is not the immediate consequence of the insult offered, or the injury done. But deliberately they go to work, and work hard and constantly, until they can run a young tree no bigger round than a man's thumb. When this is accomplished, they have taken the first step.

The next is, to accustom the nerves to the *shock of firing*. A man may fire well when he is shooting alone! But the crack of a gun, shot by another, may so startle him, as to drive him wide of the mark. To the crack he must be thoroughly accustomed. The first step is, consequently, to use a pistol daily in the practice. The ground is measured; mock seconds are put in proper places; a mock opponent stands opposite; the word is given; and they fire. This is kept up for days. It is kept up until the cool observer, or the experienced trainer, and the parties themselves, know that the eye and the ear are familiarly accustomed to every movement that will be made on the field of blood.

But as this bracing the nerves to an all-important matter, another course of training is resorted to, if the parties waver at all. Indeed, it is rarely omitted by regular duellists. Four or five friends stand round the parties; some before, some back, some in front of him; as the word is given—are you ready—prepare—fire—they all blaze away, and generally before he shoots. This is continued until the parties can aim as well amid the confusion and noise as if they were alone. Sometimes, when fears are entertained that the nerves of the parties are not steady, muskets or heavily charged guns are fired in their faces—and fired until they are entirely unconcerned and firm. The physical man is thus trained to meet the emergency, trained to blast—to deaden his sensibilities—so that he may more surely take the life of another, and save his own!

When *thus* prepared, the parties meet. And now comes an opportunity for the display of cunning and trick.

First: there is a good deal in *choice of position*. The sun may affect the sight at one point; a tree may be near, so as to give line to the pistol; the ground may be slightly rising, and if so, the opponent will be apt to overshoot—these, and twenty other *important* or material advantages are to be examined into by seconds, and turned to the best account by their principals.

Second: there is as much in giving the word. A principal gets accustomed to his second's voice—its pause—the length of them—and knows, after long practice, exactly what to do. For instance: one second is slow, another fast; or one begins deliberately, and quickens as he goes on; if the party gets his own second, he has an advantage equal sometimes to half, and, at others, to a full count. This any one may readily perceive by pronouncing the usual command,—Are you ready?—prepare—fire! One, two, three—in different tones, and with slower or quicker movement.

Third: there is a good deal in the dress. Every object, such as a button, or breastpin, or anything which makes a contrast, is carefully removed. The usual dress for the duellist is a *large, light morning wrapper*, made as near the color of the earth as may be. This is starched. Thus, the adversary cannot fix his sight upon a particular spot, and, as it hugs out, he is liable to mistake the true position of the body. And then the parties are drilled to put the body in as small a compass as possible, so as to guard the vital parts as far as it can be done.

If neither party is hurt, *after* firing, they make up, and have a laugh over it. If one falls, the other escapes, as if he *knew* he had done a felon deed.

This is a brief outline of this *honorable* practice! The reader has, in the details given, more or less true of all southern duelling—a picture of the course which *honorable* men pursue in endeavoring to slay each other! Could anything, in itself, be more degrading or contemptible? Is there any practice, we ask again, more richly deserving the ridicule and scorn of all brave men? It is a map of human weakness and meanness—an insult to every manly feeling and religious principle, and should be hooted out of civilized society, as the foul and irreligious blot of a rude and barbarous age.

GOLD AND SILVER.

It is stated in Jacobs' essay on the precious metals, that in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, more than seventeen centuries ago, no ornaments of gold or silver have been found. In some of the houses of Pompeii, skeletons of the inhabitants have been discovered—in all, domestic utensils, and personal ornaments—but those for which in the present day, the precious metals are almost exclusively adopted by the middle class of persons, are composed of iron or brass. If gold and silver had been in the dwellings of the inhabitants, at the time the eruption took place, they would be found there at the present time, as the iron and bronze have been, of which their spoons and forks were made, and which have retained their shape after the lapse of so many years.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution produced incalculable blessings to that country. Before that revolution, one-third of the property of the kingdom was in the hands of the clergy; the rest in the hands of the nobility. Where the interest of one individual was sacrificed, the interests of thousands were promoted. After dining with that friend of universal liberty, the patriotic Lafayette, he at once invited me to walk upon the top of his house, that commanded a view of the surrounding country. "Before the revolution," said he, "all the farms and hamlets you see were mine. I am now reduced to a thousand acres, and I exult in the diminution, since the happiness of others is promoted by participation."—*R. P. Livingston's Speech in the Convention of New York.*

HYMN.

The following beautiful Hymn, by Alonzo Lewis, Esq., was sung at the late Cattle Show, at Lynn, Massachusetts:

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for what Thy love bestows,
For all the varied providence that from Thy bounty flows;
We thank Thee for the vernal rains that fertilized the ground,
We praise Thee for the genial sun that all man's labor crowned.

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for all our wealth of grain,
For the tall wheat, whose waving mass like ocean filled the plain
We thank Thee for the fruitful store of bright and yellow corn,
Whose golden heaps luxuriant one fertile fields adorn.

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for all Thy fruit so fair;
The apple with its yellow cheek, the ripe and mellow pear;
The downy peach, the luscious plum, the purple-clustered vine;
And the fair show of radiant flowers that in our gardens shine.

We thank Thee, God of harvest-home! for more than we may tell;
We thank Thee for the fragrant hay that fills our barns so well;
We praise Thee for the precious gifts that make our harvest feasts,
And the choice store of healthful roots, sweet food for man and beast.

We praise Thee, God of harvest-home! that while in other lands
Pale famine stalks, and sweeps away their fever-stricken bands,
Our homes are blest with health and love, with plenty and with joy;
While social and domestic peace yields bliss without alloy.

We bless Thee, God of harvest-home! for all that we partake;
Then let our hearts with gratitude their hymn of praise awake;
And when, our day of labor past, death's harvest-hour shall come,
May our souls, like ripened fruit, be safely gathered home.

Science and Art.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S LECTURES.

One of the most interesting series of lectures recently delivered, is that by Professor Agassiz, in New York city, upon natural science. These lectures have been published in the journals as they were delivered, and exhibit the most profound researches into the depths of nature. Animal life is traced in all its various forms and changes, in the present geological period, when the types and forms reached their present perfection. The conclusions are directly at variance with the ingenious author of the Vestiges of Creation, whose theory of development, or evolution of more perfect types out of the next inferior, which theory tended to infinite progression, has occasioned so much discussion. Professor Agassiz thinks that the whole view of animal life upon our globe proves that the great and beautiful and harmonious plan of the Creator has been carried out and finished; that it is a complete whole, and that no farther or higher types or developments of animal life should be looked for on this globe. Among the interesting facts brought to view was the limitation of different species of animals to particular locations on the earth. Man's dwelling place is on every portion of the earth's surface, and he traverses every one; but there is no other specimen of animal life which extends generally over the earth or through the waters of the ocean. They are all confined to limited fields, whose bounds they never pass. Each continent and the different portions of continents have each their peculiar species of animals, which are unknown in other portions of the earth. They all seem to remain upon the field where they were created; and the fossil remains in the different strata of the earth's surface show that this law has always prevailed. In New Holland there are species of animals entirely different from any others found in the sun, and the fossil remains of the same species are found in the different strata in New Holland, and nowhere else on the earth. What seems more remarkable is, that fishes, which appear to have no barrier to locomotion round the globe, obey the same law, and remain always in the same oceans and the same fields. There is a family of fishes around the islands between New Holland and Southern Asia, differing from any others found in the world. They never leave those waters except for a short distance into the Indian Ocean. The fishes on the Atlantic shores of Europe are entirely distinct from those on the Atlantic shores of North America till we get far north, where the mean temperature is thirty-two degrees, and the two continents approach each other. They never migrate, even along the coast beyond certain limits. The Professor, who has but recently arrived here, is but forty years of age, and the cultivators of natural science have yet much to hope from his labors.

THE LOST ONE.

I look upon thy face, but while
It seems so bright and fair,
I ask me if that sunny smile
Is wont to linger there?
I ask me if thy bosom's heave
Hides not a heart that's doomed to grieve,
And wither in despair?
I ask, if peace or joy can be
With beings desolate like thee?

I knew thee not, then fallen flower,
While Virtue marked thy growth;
I knew thee not in thy bright hour
Of purity and truth—
I knew thee not till treacherous ways
Had dimmed the sunshine of thy rays,
The freshness of thy youth;
And then I met thee in thy shame,
Without a friend—without a name

An outcast from thy happy home,
A blighted, joyless thing;
Thy journey onward to the tomb
A rayless wandering.
Unchessed by hope thy bosom heaves,
Yet like the rose's scattered leaves,
Some sweets still round thee cling,
And dimly through thy roses shine
Like ivy on the shattered pine.

There's beauty still upon thy brow,
And kindness in thy heart;
That smile is with thee even now,
All hopeless as thou art.
But sorrow's wave too soon will chase
The light of beauty from thy face,
And then will then depart—
As bends the lily to the blast,
Unknown, unloved, thou'lt sink at last

God cheer thee on that awful day,
For none will watch thy bed—
None sigh to see thee pass away,
Nor grieve for thee when dead—
None seek the lonely, silent spot,
Where, all forsaken and forgot,
Reclines thy lovely head;
The turf, alas! will soon be green,
And few will know that thou hast been

UNWISE CHOICE.—A very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; his eyes are witty, but his soul is sensual; it is an ill hand of affection to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

An Irishman having been to Scotland, was asked on his return, how he liked it? "I will tell you how," said he, "I was sick all the while I was there, and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

A gentleman wishing to know the price of coal, and observing an Irishman standing near a load, of which he took him to be the owner, inquired—"How is coal now?" "Black as ever, your honor!" replied Pat.

On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the King's garden at Paris, are these words—"For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat."

Mr. W., a clergyman, was mentioned to B. as being extremely willing at all times to devolve his clerical functions upon any deputies who would undertake them. "Why so W. like England then?" asked B. "Because he expects every man to do *his duty*."

"G. is so very close," it was observed, "he will squabble about a single farthing." "Well," remarked W., "I have always thought that the less one squabbles about the better."

A lady describing a ride in the cars, said she, "drive up to the depot, and hardly got out of the engine when another railroad went past."

A recent Prussian paper announced that "In Copernick, a lady's maid shot herself yesterday, from disappointed love." A subsequent number of the paper had the following curious correction: "The notice of a suicide is to be corrected so far as to say that the event took place, not in Kopernick, but in Potsdam, that it was not a lady's maid but a page, not from disappointed love but on account of debt, and also that the party did not shoot but hung himself."

A WICKED PORKER.

"Couldn't you get *young* pork, sa'am, to bake with beans?" said old Roger, somewhat cynically, as he sat at table on Sunday.

"They told me it was young," said the landlady.

"Well, it may be so, but gray hair is not a juvenile feature, by any means, in our latitude, ma'am," continued he, fishing up a gray hair about a foot and a half long with his fork. "He may have been young, but he must have lived a very wicked life, to be gray so soon."

As he spoke he looked along the table, and a slight emotion was visible among the boarders; and the man who set opposite with his mouth full of the edibles with which he had been endeavoring to smother a laugh, grew dark with the effort, and then collapsed, scattering dismay and crumbs amid the nicely plaited folds of old Roger's shirt frills.

A CONTENTED DRUGGIST.

A druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled—"What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," replied the assiduous druggist. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," rejoined the wife. "Never mind," added the placed druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer. Let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

HOUSEWIFE AMUSEMENTS.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her—"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse?" said the other, quite startled, "do you not know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to *do*, but as it is never done I concluded that you must have some other way of passing your time."

LINE'S REPORT TO LABLACHE.—On the occasion of Madlle Lind's second rehearsal at the Opera House, the celebrated Lablanche was so delighted with her singing, that he came up to her and said, enthusiastically, "Give me your hand; every note in your voice is a pearl." "Give me your hat," was the reply of the fair singer, and then putting it up to her mouth and giving one of her incomparable roulades, "Here," said she "is a hatful of pearls for you."

TWO THINGS AT ONCE.—"I say Paddy," said a philosopher, "can you do two things at the same time?"

"Can I?" answered Paddy, "I'll be doing that any day!"

"How?" inquired the philosopher.

"Why," replied Paddy, "I'll be sleeping and dreaming at the same time, don't you see? So none of your gammon for a spoony."

GOOD BAIL.—A blacksmith named Osborn, offered himself as bail, at the court of sessions, for a prisoner whose trial was put off till next term.

"Are you surely worth $500 above all your debts?" inquired the Recorder.

"Why, sir, I held my wife to be worth $500 without counting property."

"The court is satisfied; take his bail," replied the Recorder.

For Housekeepers.

RECEIPTS.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Put into three pints of boiling milk, six crackers pounded fine, and one cup of raisins; when cool, add four eggs well beaten; a little sugar, and four good sized apples, pared, with the core carefully removed. To be baked, and eaten with warm sauce.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and quarter four large apples; boil them tender, with the rind of a lemon, in as little water that, when done, none may remain; beat them quite fine in a mortar; crumb in a small roll, four ounces of butter melted, four eggs, the juice of a lemon, and sugar to your taste; beat all together, and lay it in a dish, with paste to turn out. Bake it an hour and a half.

TOMATO HONEY.—To each pound of tomatoes allow the grated peel of a lemon and six fresh peach leaves. Boil them slowly till they are all to pieces, then squeeze them through a bag. To each pound of liquid allow a pound of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Boil them together half an hour or till they become a thick jelly. Then put it into glasses, and lay double tissue paper over the top. It will scarcely be distinguished from real honey.

Agricultural.

CULTURE AND DISTILLATION OF PEPPERMINT.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

It should not be surprising, that in a country so diversified in both soil and climate as is the United States, that we should learn every year of some new fruit, or grain, or vegetable, which leads its tribute to the augmenting wealth of the national prosperity. The primary staples of the nation have been subjects of long and familiar discussion, and improvements in their cultivation are constant and progressive. The minor products of the soil, which enter into the economy of general consumption, and add to the national wealth, are often little thought of save in the immediate localities of their production. In the report of Judge Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents, we have been informed of the great amount of white mustard, and the large profit which it has yielded to the producers, in a limited district of the western part of the country, and this, too, without withdrawing much time and attention of the growers from other crops of greater value.

In this section of New York, there is an article alike valuable for its medicinal and other uses, which has been cultivated with great profit to the producers, that has hardly attracted attention even in the immediate neighborhoods of its production. I allude to the article of *Peppermint*, and its distillation into oil, and its manufacture into essence.

It is to invite attention to the subject, that I am induced to give you a brief history of its cultivation in this neighborhood. Its cultivation is principally confined to a few persons in Phelps township, in this county, and Lyons and Arcadia townships in Wayne county. It is cultivated without any serious interference with the necessary attention to other crops, and has yielded, for some years past, some fifty or sixty thousand dollars annually to the producers.

This species of mint was first introduced into this vicinity, by the Messrs. Burnett, some thirty years ago, who first planted it on the flats of the outlet of Canandaigua lake. They brought it with them from Ashfield, Massachusetts. They distilled it, and sold the oil, in the western part of New York and Canada, at prices varying from five to fifteen dollars per pound, and realized, from small beginnings, such a handsome fortune. When the oil is diluted into essence, the profits are very great.

This mint differs from what is generally called spear mint. The peppermint has a larger stalk, and a larger leaf, than the spear mint. In rich ground it will grow from two to two and a half feet high.

The principal expense in its cultivation is in procuring the roots for the first year's crop; and the chief labor is in the first year's cultivation. The ground should be rich, and should be carefully ploughed in the fall or spring, so as to be entirely free from grass and weeds.

It is cultivated from the roots, which should be planted in the spring, in drills from eighteen inches to two feet apart, and should be cultivated carefully with the hoe until after mid-summer, at which time it sends forth runners or shoots, like the strawberry, and covers the entire space planted, sending forth innumerable branches and stocks. It is cut in the fall when matured, and distilled into oil. The roots remaining in the ground during winter, vegetate in the spring, and covering the entire space planted, require no cultivation the second year, and no also at the third year. By the end of the third year, the ground becomes so exhausted, and so infested with grass and weeds, that it is necessary to plough up the roots, and plant fresh grounds. So the first year is the only one of expense or labor in the cultivation, as it requires no cultivation the second and third years. The crop is exhausting to the land. Lands have rented from eight to ten dollars per acre for the purpose of raising this mint upon them.

If the seasons are favorable, and the lands rich, the crop the first year will yield mint that will produce from ten to thirty pounds of oil to the acre. The second year (which is the most productive) from twenty-five to forty pounds; and the third year from ten to thirty pounds.

The process of distilling the mint into oil is simple: The mint when mowed, on maturing, is placed in an ordinary still boiler with water, and fire is placed beneath. The evaporation is condensed in a retort, and the oil being of less specific gravity than the water, floats on the surface. The water in the retort is permitted to escape by a tube beneath the surface of the water in the retort, on which the oil floats. The mint, after being distilled, is taken from the boiler with a hook, and the boiler filled with fresh mint and water, until the whole crop is distilled into oil.

The process of purifying it from all extraneous matter, is to filtrate the oil through clear white paper. It is then placed into tin canisters, containing about twenty-five pounds, and tightly corked and sealed, and is then prepared for market.

Many persons, who have cultivated it for years, have realized handsome fortunes, and without interfering with the regular production of other crops on their farms.

I may state, in conclusion, that for several years past the speculators of the cities have monopolized, by private purchase, nearly the entire crop in this region; and this year they have purchased *the mint, and destroyed the most of it*, so as to demand a greater advance on the last year's supply of oil.

ELIAS COST.

Oak's Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1847.

PRESERVING PORK.

It is generally the practice of farmers, I believe, to scald their old brine, before putting it on their pork; and so absolutely necessary is it supposed to be by most people, that nothing short of the price of their pork would induce them to use their old brine without first scalding it. Now, allow me confidently to say that the idea is erroneous, and that practice entirely useless. If your old brine is sweet and good, and has kept your old pork well, depend upon it it will keep the new. For what possible reason is there to suppose that brine will not keep new also? It may be said that the brine is full of matter which it has received from the old pork. True it is, and therefore it cannot extract the best pieces of the new. For eight successive years I assisted in putting down pork, and pouring upon it the same brine, without being once scalded; and the older the brine, the sweeter and better was the pork. The brine was always sweet, and had plenty of salt at the bottom. The pork was laid down in the usual manner, with salt and the old brine poured back upon it. The advantages are, having better pork, besides a saving of labor and trouble.—*Genesee Farmer.*

RAISING GRAIN.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

Abel Gleason, Esq., of Wayland, recently stated to us that he has a field on which he raises a good crop of rye annually, and that without applying any manure whatever. He ploughs in the stubble in the latter part of August, or early enough to sow his seed by the first of September, burying up all the weeds that have now become thrifty; and he obtains 45bush. per acre of rye per acre; ploughing his land but once in a year.

We have seen other accounts of a similar kind. A farmer in Concord, practised in this way some years ago, and was confident his land was not deteriorated by the process, and would continue to yield as well for years to come. How many acres in a town may be found that will yield this amount of rye we are unable to say; but if ten bushels can be annually reaped from any plain land if easy tillage with once ploughing, such land ought not to be sold for fifty dollars per acre.

The straw would repay all the labor of once ploughing and harrowing, and the land that such an acre will afford in November should be counted. Rye makes more wholesome bread than wheat; and it is much better to mix with Indian than wheat is, though not quite so white.

A similar process will give us an abundant supply of buckwheat; and we have vast numbers of acres that will yield that grain in plenty—and which some men think is good for nothing else. Now if a farmer has a few acres of land that will yield him good buckwheat and rye, annually, with one ploughing and one harrowing, *and without manure*, he need not be much afraid of a lack of food of a wholesome kind. He need not emigrate to a fleet country where eight or ten bushels per acre are the average harvest, as in Maryland and Virginia.

We recently had our own buckwheat threshed out and measured, and we had fifty-six bushels of fair heavy wheat from three acres of land, in addition to several bushels of wheat and broken straw that was saved by itself for cattle. This buckwheat grew on some of our land that we were unable to manure, and that would not have borne one-third of a ton of hay per acre. This is therefore a clear addition to the food which the farm otherwise supplies.

For we have just as much corn and hay as we should have had without the buckwheat, the grass on the buckwheat land not being accounted as a loss, for it would barely pay for cutting.

Farmers will do well to make trial of different modes of farming. Much depends on the time of year when the ploughing is performed. Who knows how much Mr. Gleason's field was benefitted by ploughing in a rank crop in August of weeds that are known by the name of pass-tall? Buckwheat land also is ploughed in summer, and a green crop of some sort is always turned under.

THE POTATO ROT.

At a recent agricultural show in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mr. Robert Van Amburgh, received a premium for the best specimen of potatoes. The following memorandum from him is published in the Poughkeepsie Journal:

BRIEFLY FOR THE POTATO ROT.—Robert Van Amburgh, of Poughkeepsie, has raised two successive crops of Mercer potatoes, viz: one crop in 1846 and one the present year (1847,) perfectly sound and without any rot. The potatoes planted in 1846, where the small potatoes of the year before, and about the size of a hickory nut, or a trifle larger, and dug when green and before the usual time of digging, and preserved through the winter. These planted last spring were of the same kind, and were planted without regard to size.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 16, 4, 15, 20, 15, is a town in South America
My 2, 8, 17, 21, 15, 13, 22, is a town in Europe.
My 7, 19, 12, 15, is a town in Asia.
My 4, 15, 17, 15, 1, 1, 15, is a town in Asia.
My 5, 17, 9, 8, 5, 20, is the name of an island.
My 6, 21, 8, 13, 9, is a town in Africa
My 7, 8, 17, 21, 15, 13, 22, is a town in Europe
My 9, 21, 6, is a lake in the United States.
My 9, 17, 20, 21, 13, 9, 16, 8, is a town in Europe.
My 10, 15, 14, 15, 20, is a kingdom in Asia.
My 11, 8, 17, 5, 15, 13, 22, is a town in Europe.
My 18, 15, 14, 15, 13, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My whole is the name of a naval officer who served in the Revolutionary war. H R TABER

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Mathematicians affirm, that of all bodies contained under the same superficies, a sphere is the most capacious; but surely they have never considered the amazing capaciousness of a body whose name is now required, and of which it may be truly said, that supposing its greatest breadth is 4 inches, length 9 inches, and depth 3 inches, yet in these dimensions it contains a solid foot.

RIDDLE.

A lady met a gentleman in the street; the gentleman said, "I think I know you:" the lady said he ought, as his mother was her mother's only daughter. What relation was he?

RIDDLE.

Soon as I'm made I'm sought with care:
For one whole year cherished;
That time elapsed, I'm thrown aside,
Neglected, and annulled.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which of your teeth are like a dress-maker's fingers and thumb, when she is cutting out a dress? Ans.—Incisors.

☞ Why is a pack of cards, of only fifty-one in the pack, sent home, like a pack of cards of fifty-two? Ans.—Because they're sent in-complete.

☞ Why is a man in debt like a misty morning? Ans.—Because he is full of dues (dews).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA
WILLIAM WIRT VAN ZANDT

ENIGMA
OUR OLD TREE FULL OF APPLES

RIDDLE.
SMOKE

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
240 days. A 9,600 miles. B 14,400

PUZZLE.
By cutting off the upper circular part, containing two of the pins, and by changing the position of the pieces, another cut will divide the horse-shoe into six portions, each containing one pin.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM
A correspondent—J. Ball, Jr., of Quakertown Bucks Co., Pa.—has cracked the "nut" propounded two weeks ago. He finds the answer to be—
X=2, Y=6, Z=18, and U=24, or, X=20, Y=12, Z=6, and U=3.

Either of which will answer the conditions of the equation. Cannot I B send us some good arithmetical or algebraical questions?

The Olio.

THE WANTON SUN-BEAM.

I came upon her quickly! She was sitting
Upon a bank embowered in the shade
All round about, the sun-beams bright were flitting,
But dad not dare to come where she was laid;
But, like some gleaming guards about a portal,
Who watch, but not to enter, they were stayed.
So they, as angels bright around a mortal,
Did keep around and guard that lovely maid
But one bright sun-beam pierced the twilight Lower
He thrust aside the leaves that made that shade
And softly, as the zephyrs touch a flower,
He fell on her arm, and on her bosom stay'd
And wanton kiss'd her cheek, her lips, her hair,—
"Oh, love!" I cried, "that I a sun-beam were!"

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT MAN.—Dr. Thompson, of Charlestown, who presided at the late Whig Convention at Concord, told an amusing story about a conversation which he once had with a neighbor of his, in relation to John Hancock. The neighbor was a great admirer of Hancock, and upon one occasion told the Doctor that he thought Hancock was the greatest man in the whole country. The Doctor ventured to say in reply that though Hancock was a man of note and influence, he yet was not in reality a man of great talents, and that there were many men of his day—Samuel Adams for instance—who were much his superiors in that respect. "Why, Doctor!" said the other, "I am surprised to hear you say so! John Hancock not a man of talent! I tell you I've been to his house, and have seen three spoons using at once, one for the roast pieces, one for the roast beef, and one for the wild fowl, and *I know he's a man of talent.*" Of course the Doctor "gave it up."—*Lowell Journal.*

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF TEA.—In the memoirs of the London Chemical Society, there is an interesting paper by Mr. Warrington, on the analysis of tea, in which he states that he has not only removed the whole of the coloring matter, or glazing, from green tea, but he has been able to analyze the matter removed, and prove it by chemical evidence to consist of Prussian blue and gypsum principally. So that in fact, the drinkers of green tea, as it comes to the English market, indulge in a beverage of Chinese paint, and might imitate the mixture by dissolving Prussian blue and plaster of Paris in hot water. The Chinese do not drink the painted tea; they only *sell it*.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE ECLIPSE.—Astronomers were anxiously watching the predicted eclipse, when the eagle, in her eyry on the cliff, said to her young ones—"Look at the sun; I see a dark spot on his surface." "Look at the sun," repeated the mole to the bat who lurked in the cavern below, "as if any body ever *could* look at the sun."

Ye moles and bats of society, will ye never allow the eagles to see better than you do?

ENORMOUS FORTUNES.—Sir Robert Peel is said to possess an estate valued at ninety millions of dollars. His grandfather was in quite ordinary circumstances. His father was a cotton spinner, and accumulated a portion of this immense estate, which the son has since increased by judicious investments. Only three generations have sufficed to raise a comparatively obscure family to rank, opulence and power.

SCRIPTURE PREDICTION OF RAILROADS AND COLLISIONS.—Mr. Russell made a speech on the occasion of the celebration of the Northern Railroad Company, in which he quoted the following prophecy from the prophet Nahum, ch. 2, v. 4:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against the other in the broadways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightning."

WIN AND WEAR.

How did I win her first?
By strong endeavor,
When fortune frown'd the worst,
Hoping on ever;
Though neither wealth nor land
I had to bring her,
Strong heart and steady hand—
Might not them win her?

From the most fair and gay,
By her side moving,
Might she not turn away
To the most loving?
If bright and gifted mind
From her side parted,
Might she not comfort find
In the true-hearted?

Both were the thoughts that shed
Their light around me,
And, when all hope seemed fled,
Still to hope bound me;
Thus one enchanted day
My words stole on her—
Truth nerved me on, till they
Conquered and won her.

FRENCH NOVELS.

French novel-writers, even the ablest, frequently choose very singular titles to their works, apparently because they think such eccentricity is necessary to secure them attention. At this moment works are in course of publication called—"The Club of the Damned," "The Blue-faced Knight," "The Bloody Sheestrings," "My Father's Shirt," and "The Nose." Modern French poets, too, have the funniest ideas and expressions imaginable. Within the last few days I have met with the following tit-bits in poems which have the pretension to be serious—"A sound as when the moon sneezes," "It looked like a ray of honey!" "The agitated steel," for the ringing of a bell; "Heaven coughed," for it thundered; "Great man! thou art not a simple ceiling—thou art the sky!" "Heaven—God's blue carpet!" "Those tender fowls with Heavenly wings—Angels!"

FRIENDSHIP VS. LOVE.

Friendship still keeps distinction. Friends are twain,
But lovers one!
Friends are two kings in dear confederance join'd,
That still rule SEPARATE empires; but in love,
Both realms united, take one name, one tongue,
One law, one faith, one consequence, one crown!
Friends are two banks a kindly stream divides;
Lovers—twin clouds into each other blend,
And both'd in the same beam. Friends are like trees
That stand with arms enlaced, but parted roots
But two that love are grafted on one stem,
Fed with one sap, and nurtur'd by one dew,
And wither'd in one blight

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.—The great glory of a Democratic Government after all, is the wonderful effect it has on the constitutional habits of a people. Previous to the Revolution, our population only doubled once in forty-seven years; it now performs that feat once in eighteen. And what is true of our baby manufacture, is equally true of other things. Even been lay more eggs under our form of government than under any other on earth. The reason is, that our farmers are taxed less than any other agriculturists in the world, and the less a farmer is taxed, the more corn he can spare for his poultry—and the better he feeds his chickens, the more productive they will be. Argal—to increase your eggs, all you have got to do is, to look to your rulers.

LABOR.—No one can be healthy or happy without labor of some kind, bodily or mental, and no one has a right to a lease of this fair earth for three score years and ten, unless he pays his rent, and a fair equivalent, too, and one reason why so many are ejected before the time is, that they, or their ancestors, have neglected to comply with this great condition.

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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

WE ARE ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER Presidential Election. Let none fancy that, since it is approached so calmly, it will be conducted sluggishly and terminated without excitement. Whatever may have been such an illusion outside the character of the American People and the impulses which sway them. Equally idle is the imagination that Party lines are to be broken down or obliterated, or that anything but the prestige of some heroic achievement or the glitter of an epaulette is to chase from the popular mind all memory of the radical differences of sentiment which have so often arrayed one-half our countrymen in fierce conflict with the other. Idle chimeras these!—dispelling of an empty heart or a sickly brain! With the progress of events a particular measure may become more or less important, the emphatic assertion of a certain principle more or less essential, but the question of questions remains and will remain. At one time, the establishment or maintenance of a Sound and Uniform Currency; at another, the upbuilding and cherishing of new or feeble branches of Home Industry; at another, the proper disposition of the Proceeds of the Public Lands; at a fourth, Peace or War, Spoliation or Justice; but underneath all these, mightier than any, more enduring than all, lives ever the elemental difference in which people have been divided on one side the idea that Government should be (AGGRESSIVE, CONSTRUCTIVE, BENEFICENT, on the other, the negative, skeptical doubting theory, whose watchwords are "The best Government is that which governs least," "The People are inclined to expect too much from Government." Are we asked how a Tariff, a Railroad, a Harbor, a Protective Duty, only a means of enriching a few individuals at the expense of the community, and which it operates how any can be benefited by a public work without inflicting injury in at least equal measure upon others. The humane, mental and moral effect of this negative philosophy are really terrible in Common Roads and Common Schools enjoined and sustained by Law, as well as to those elements National Policy and Government which, in the direct the energies of a great party. The antagonism of sentiment growing out of these conflicting views of the nature and the ends of Government cannot, in the nature of things, be lastingly compromised; it cannot be terminated by the result of any one election. It must be potentially felt in the party contests and popular agitations of many years to come.

On this and all the great questions growing out of it, The Tribune maintains the principles and doctrines of the Whig Party. It advocates PROTECTION TO HOME INDUSTRY, wherever such Protection may be needed and to the extent of the necessity; a NATIONAL CURRENCY, sound and uniform value, composed of Coin and Paper in such proportions as public interest and general convenience shall dictate; INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, by the General and State Governments, each in its own sphere, and by Associations, benefited thereby; the Proceeds of the Public Lands to be distributed among the States through out all future time. Above all, this paper will "study the things that make for PEACE," and strenuously oppose the evil spirit of War, the lust of Conquest and the passion for Military Glory, no matter by whom it may be. All these ideas of Social and Political Economy to which it is devoted, as a whole to